

Good Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

"OUR GREEN AND PLEASANT LAND"

BRITAIN is growing new forests at an astounding rate, amassing wood in a hurry, putting trees "into the bank" to repair the woodland ravages of two wars.

I have just toured the forest at Thetford Chase, in East Anglia. There are 52,000 acres of conifers here, and at present it is our biggest "modern forest," though Kielder, in Northumberland, when its 110,000 acres are completed, will take first place.

The predominating trees are conifers, Scots and Corsican pine, Douglas fir, and larches. The Commission, having to replace lost wood in the shortest possible time, has to go in for the conifers, the softwoods, the "bread and butter timber."

There are criticisms because these seas of trees look alien to the English landscape, so the Commission masks them as much as possible, borders the roads with oak, beech, birch and limes.

The conifers, which may take 150 years to reach maturity, are planted thick, so that, striving for the light, they grow straight.

Dotted over the country are tree-cities planted by the Forestry Commission, which has already acquired 767,000 acres and planted 420,000. The experts want 5,000,000 acres, about one-eleventh of the total land area, to forest before the war is over.

Six thousand workers are now employed in the forests, and Mr. D. Quibell, one of the forestry experts, told me he hopes to create 30,000 forestry jobs after the war.

I saw the first stretch of a fine beech avenue, four miles long and 80ft. wide, that will be called Queen Mary's Avenue. It will be the finest avenue in Britain.

Decorative trees, such as red oak, maple, rowan, chestnut and lime fringe the edges of the pine woods behind the beech, and will bring colour and gladness to future generations who use this avenue. The forestry experts are now making it a general practice to plant screens of hardwoods—beech, birch, poplar and oak—to break up and beautify the hard



straight lines of pine plantations that adjoin roads.

Forestry is bringing new hope and employment to parts of Britain like Thetford, where the land is too poor for farming. In this forest they have brought to life again the village of Santon Downham, that had almost fallen down before the Commission came along.

Then there were 90 inhabitants. To-day there are over 200. Among other things, it prepares the seed for nearly all the other woods in Britain, about 12,000 bushels a year of it.

At Lynford, one of six nurseries in Thetford Chase, there are 23 million seedlings and four million trees for transplanting. Altogether the Chase now employs 120 men, 65 women and 30 youngsters.

Girls in a forest clearing are cutting pit-props at amazing speed with oil-driven circular saws, and flinging five and six feet timber about with ease. I also saw kilns, where the seed is extracted from pine-

cones, and "nurseries," spread with miniature trees about half-an-inch high, product of about four months' planting.

They will be a forest in 10 or 11 years, a taller forest in 20, and a stately one in from 40 to 60.

The forestry hamlets live secluded lives. I heard of a man aged 26 and a sister 21 in East Anglia who had not ridden in a train until they were called up for national service.

These new war-time forests are only the beginning, for forest industries give work to five people for every one person directly employed on forest work.

Soon the earlier plantations will be maturing and will need people in the saw mills and in making pit-props, 3-ply wood, wood pulp for paper, cellulose for artificial silk, and material for the whole wide range of our new plastics industry.

The country will be the natural place for such industries, and so they will make a great contribution to repopulating it and reviving village life.

Forestry brings the popula-

tion to the land for some of the family to work on the farms, and there are several farms around here where a small farmer or his sons are guaranteed 150 days work a year in the woods, and also work in their own holdings. This mixing of a guaranteed wage with the opportunities of individual enterprise is most valuable.

No country in Europe can grow trees better than Britain. Few people believed that until the war, and Britain's forestry experts proved it.

Fire-watching arrangements to protect Britain's new forests have been completed. The Commissioners had elaborate protection schemes in peacetime. These have been considerably augmented.

Hundreds more forest watchers will be on duty. Special fire-fighting equipment has been supplied. In many areas, too, where the population is scattered, groups of residents have made additional arrangements.

One of the first rural areas to complete its plans is a woodland community on the edge of the New Forest.

In peace-time the hamlet was popular with campers and hikers. Now the bungalows, chalets and caravans are full of evacuees.

"The population of the wood, including 70 war-time residents, has been divided into two groups, the static and the mobile," I was told.

"The static group mostly comprises mothers with young children. There are 25 families in all, a few invalids, and some over the age limit of 60, who are not required to volunteer for fire-watching duties.

"The mobile group, about a dozen men and women, have been placed on a rota of fire-watchers."

Messengers on bicycles are always standing by ready to call more help if needed.

When the Alert is sounded in the nearby town the fire-watcher on duty goes to the observation post on a hill in the wood. When there is danger of incendiary bombs he communicates by telephone to the A.R.P. warden. The whole mobile unit can assemble in three minutes.

TOM HARRIS.

Beneath The Surface



With AL MALE

If I should die, think only this of me,
That there's some corner of a foreign field that is forever England.

—Rupert Brooke.

WHAT is this deep love of country if not Patriotism in its true sense? You get it also in Cowper's line: "England, with all thy faults, I love thee still."

Cowper wrote the lines when he lived in Italy. Brooke made them immortal when he died at Lemnos in 1915 (Sub-Lieut., R.N.V.R.).

This love of home is not only love of this dear land of ours, but pride in its achievements for the betterment of humanity . . . belief, nay, firm conviction, that Britain is playing a great part in humanising the world . . . making it a better place to live in.

Patriotism is sometimes called a bias of mind, a predisposition to love your own land better than any other parts of the globe, and there is not the slightest doubt that the seeds of the spirit of Patriotism are sown in the home.

Childhood memories carve indestructible pictures.

Happy family gatherings at Christmastime, brimful of childish anticipation. School holidays packed with boyish adventure . . . boy and girl affairs which seemed world-shattering then, and which, on reflection, raise a smile.

LOOKING BACK.

The good old days? Not at all . . . the wonderful young days!—the days when you exhausted yourself with healthy exercise, slept as sound as a bell, yet somehow managed to wake before the pre-arranged time and forestalled your friends by meeting them with your towel and swim-suit, all ready for a swim, when they had hoped to steal a march on you.

The thrill of diving into the water first, and breaking its undisturbed surface . . . the quick rub-down and trot home to a comforting breakfast.

The look of anxious pride on your mother's face when you confessed to diving off the high board . . . can't you hear her saying, "I'm sure you'll end up with a broken neck"?

And when your father insisted on you being taught boxing and wrestling, your mother had to go out because every time she heard a thud she thought it was you being knocked unconscious . . . then you emerged from the "slaughter-house," clad in sweater and flannels, and declared yourself ready for a brisk run round the countryside. "You'll overdo it, you know," she used to say.

But the cold bath afterwards and the warm cocoa made you feel top of the world . . . and she smiled, relieved to find her theories proved wrong . . . rewarded by a firm but tender hug of assurance. Yes . . . that's where Patriotism starts.

Love of home . . . love of the homes of your school friends . . . realisation of all the love that goes into all the

homes where the "humanising" spirit exists and is encouraged . . . love of the source of it all . . . Divine Love . . . love of the country which you are convinced is doing something to foster that love throughout the world . . . Britain!

Of course, there are slip-ups. Promises are made by politicians, with the best intentions, but unforeseen circumstances develop which nullify all possibility of fulfilment.

Something goes wrong—somewhere, and the national slogans become bitter retorts when other promises are made.

LOOKING FORWARD.

But fundamentally you know the intentions of the majority of British men and women are for the good of the community . . . more genuine happiness and content all round.

Because . . . in a good home that spirit is the source of its goodness. And in millions of good homes all radiating that spirit you have a sound national basis for stability.

And because YOU were reared in that atmosphere (and "YOU" can be multiplied by millions), and you know that it was the atmosphere of your forefathers, you know that it is thoroughly British.

And you become patriotic, and even go so far as to fight to preserve what you believe is right.

You might say that other countries lined up against us think they are doing the same.

It all depends on your interpretation of "Taking part in the work of humanising the world, so that before the end cruelty may have ceased, even in its dark places" (Rt. Hon. Augustine Birrell).

I, personally, think that the British interpretation is more Christian . . . and I don't believe I'm over-biased.

Cheerio and Good Hunting.

An Invitation to all Submariners

Make this your own newspaper by sending us the address of your wife, your mother, your girl-friend, so that we may photograph them and publish their pictures and greetings in these pages. Address on back page.

—THE EDITOR.

A letter from a Saint

FROM SAINT TERESA TO DON FRANCISCO.

Valladolid. Sept; 1568.

GLORY be to God, after having written seven or eight unavoidable business letters, a short time remains for me to refresh myself by sending you these few lines telling you what a comfort yours were to me. Do not fancy you are wasting your time by writing to me, for I need it occasionally, provided that you do not repeat so often that you are growing old, which cuts me to the heart. As if the lives of young men were guaranteed!

Please God, you will live until I die, and then I shall ask Him to summon you promptly lest I should be without you in heaven. . . .

The 6 ducats you say you would give to me seem a very dear bargain, but I would pay far more to see you—in fact, you are worth much more, for who sets any value on a poor, insignificant little nun who lives in poverty? You, who can give aloja (a Spanish drink), rolls, radishes and lettuce from your own garden (and I know that you are the "errand boy" who brings us apples) would naturally fetch a higher price. The aloja here is said to be very good, but for want of Francisco de Salcedo we do not know what it tastes like, and probably never shall.

Abide with God!

Your unworthy and sincere servant,
TERESA DE JESUS
(Carmelite).



BUCK RYAN

Scene: The Abwehr section, German Intelligence Headquarters, Berlin

JA, YOUR SABOTAGE ACCOMPLISHMENTS IN SOVIET RUSSIA DURING 1930-36 WERE TRULY REMARKABLE

I'M PREPARED TO ADMIT IT, MEIN HERR

OF COURSE—AS HEAD OF THE PEOPLE'S COMMISSARIAT OF TRADE IN THE UKRAINE—YOUR TASK WAS FACILITATED, CHERNOV; PARTICULARLY AS RUSSIA AND DEUTSCHLAND WERE ON FRIENDLY TERMS. BUT YOUR RECORD STANDS

INDEED IT IS HITHERTO UNAPPROACHED BY THE VAST ARMY OF "WHITE" RUSSIANS NOW SERVING THE AXIS—

TO THE POINT, PLEASE. WHAT IS THE ASSIGNMENT THIS TIME?

IT CONCERNS A COUNTRY WITHOUT TERRITORIAL FRONTIERS BUT WITH A CURSED CHANNEL

ENGLAND?

THAT IS YOUR ASSIGNMENT, CHERNOV; DESTRUCTION, FAMINE AND DEATH—YOUR SPECIALITY—TO TERRORISE BRITAIN

YOU'RE EXPECTING MUCH! WHAT DO I GET?

10,000 MARKS

IN PIECES OF GOLD?

IF YOU ACHIEVE RESULTS, YES

HAVE I EVER FAILED YOU?

I'M NOT DOUBTING YOUR ABILITY—BUT YOUR RECORD IS BOUND TO BE KNOWN TO BRITISH INTELLIGENCE. THUS THE RISK IS—

I'LL TAKE CARE OF THAT, MEIN HERR. WHERE DO I ESTABLISH MYSELF IN ENGLAND?

WE'VE INTERCEPTED SOME CORRESPONDENCE WRITTEN BY A DANISH GIRL WHO RESIDES WITH A WEALTHY WIDOW

THE GIRL'S NAME IS HUIA JORGENSEN AND SHE IS THE WIDOW'S HEIRESS. THEY LIVE TOGETHER IN A LARGE HOUSE. IT IS SUGGESTED THAT YOU BECOME A "LODGER" AND USE THE GIRL AS YOUR DOMESTIC HELP—

BUT—HAS SHE PRO-NAZI SYMPATHIES? ON THE CONTRARY, BUT YOU WILL EMPLOY OUR USUAL METHODS TO BEND HER TO YOUR WILL. HERE ARE DETAILS OF HER RELATIVES IN COPENHAGEN

AH—THE OLD TRICK OF THREATENED PUNISHMENT TO THE FAMILY AT HOME IF SHE REFUSES TO "CO-OPERATE?" IT NEVER FAILS, CHERNOV! YOU'LL HAVE TIME TO DIGEST DETAILS EN ROUTE. CIGARETTE?

THANKS. I HAVEN'T ANY

HERE—TAKE THIS TIN... WHEN YOU'RE SETTLED AND READY TO RECEIVE YOUR SABOTAGE EQUIPMENT YOU WILL CONTACT AGENT 1102 AT THIS ADDRESS

THIS MUST BE HERR CHERNOV. ESCORT HIM TO THE WARDROOM

WHERE DO YOU PROPOSE TO LAND ME IN ENGLAND, HERR OBER-LEUTNANT? TAKE A LOOK AT THIS CHART

THAT'S THE SPOT. IT'S A TRICKY JOB—BUT IT CAN BE DONE—WITH LUCK

HMM

DON'T WORRY, HERR CHERNOV. I HAVE GREAT FAITH IN MY NAVIGATOR

GOOD, LET US HOPE THAT THE RECENT STORMS HAVE UPSET THE BRITISH DEFENCE SYSTEM, TOO

I ESTIMATE THAT WE'RE A MILE OFF THE ENGLISH COAST NOW, SIR

GOOD. I'LL TELL CHERNOV TO GET READY

BRING HER UP TO 20 FEET

HALT

HOLD IT

BLOW TWO'S, FOURS AND SIXES

THIS IS AS CLOSE-IN AS WE CAN GET, HERR CHERNOV

GOOD LUCK TO YOU, HERR CHERNOV

THANK YOU. I NEED IT, HERR OBER

RIGHT, BOYS. PUSH OFF

LET'S HOPE WE WEREN'T SPOTTED BY THE COAST DEFENCE! NOW—I SHOULD BE PICKED UP BY ONE OF OUR AGENTS

IF PLANS ARE RUNNING TO SCHEDULE THIS IS HE

Marvel with Millier

PASTIMES that are popular in one generation are changed for something else by a succeeding generation, and so on. The ever-quickenning tempo of life on this planet demands something fresh and exciting. As to whether it is good or ill, that is not for me to say. The dreamy waltz of a bygone day gives place to the jumping flea-like jitterings of the jitterbug.

There was seldom a time when there was not a strong-man act touring the music halls or performing in a circus, but that sort of thing no longer thrills the youngster who knows that it is much easier to lift the stuff with a crane.

Among my old records I have found some that may be interesting. In 1891, Louis Cyr, a French-Canadian, came to England, and performed some astonishing feats of strength. At the South London Music Hall he lifted 3,641lb. in his great back lift.

At the same time that Cyr was topping the bill at South London, there was an Englishman with the appropriate name of C. A. Sampson attracting big crowds to the Royal Aquarium, Westminster. Sampson, with the assistance of a collar and yoke, raised 3,809lbs.

DUMB-BELL FEAT.

Cyr performed some amazing feats in America. What do you think of this for a day's work? At St. Louis Hall, Chicago, on May 7, 1896, Cyr started off by sweeping up with either hand a 188lb. dumb-bell at full arm's length above his head; picked up another weighing 258lb. with his left hand from floor to shoulder.

With the right hand he held a dumb-bell of 131lb. with arm straightened out at right-angles with his body for five seconds, and then brought it back to his shoulders. With both arms stretched at right-angles, he held 97lb. in his right hand and 88lb. in his left.

Raising a 162lb. bell from floor to shoulder, he pushed it at full arm's length above his head thirty-six times in succession. With one finger he lifted from the floor 552lb. Lifting off the floor with one hand 987lb.; with both hands 1,897lb.

Feeling tired at the very thought of it? There's more to come.

Cyr then lifted a barrel filled with sand and water, weighing 433lb., on to his right shoulder without using his knees or body; and now for the grand finale.

HOLDING FOUR HORSES.

Four draught-horses, each weighing 1,200lb., were brought on to the stage. Each hoof was examined and found to be well shod. Cyr then had two of the horses hitched to each arm, and he folded his arms. The two others were hitched to pull in the opposite direction.

The horses were whipped up and pulled with all their strength, and Cyr held them for fifty-five seconds. A handy sort of cove to have aboard ship!

IT may not be generally known that until 1864 there were no organised athletic meetings for amateurs. Pedestrianism was, prior to that time, entirely controlled by professionals, and as betting was one of the big factors, ruffianism was rampant and many of the races were not as straight as they might have been.

The first inter-University sports, started in 1864, heralded the new era in athletics. Two years later the Amateur Athletic Club was formed to inaugurate amateur championship meetings.

The pseudo-amateur, however, was a nuisance, and abuses became so glaring that the Presidents of the Oxford and Cambridge University Associations invited a conference of clubs, which resulted in the formation of the Amateur Athletic Association in April, 1880.

Since that date the A.A.A. has controlled all championship meetings in this country and has ruled with a firm hand.

ONE CONTROL.

This unified control was brought to a head by the confusion caused in 1879 when two championship meetings were held, one being promoted by the Amateur Athletic Club and the other by the London Athletic Club.

In 1866 the best time for 100 yards was 10½secs., and many champions tried to reduce it to even time, but it was not until twenty years later that A. Wharton succeeded in returning 10secs. dead.

The first man to beat "evens" for the 100 yards was F. S. Hewitt, who ran it in 9½secs. at Melbourne in 1870. His record is all the more remarkable for being made on a grass track.

It was not until 1902 (32 years after Hewitt) that A. F. Duffey returned 9 3-5secs. in New York. In 1908, J. A. Rector, in U.S.A., running with a strong following wind, was credited with 9 2-5secs., but it was not accepted as a record.

Curiously enough, in the same year R. E. Walker, at Abergavenny, on a downhill course, was credited with 9 2-5secs. This also was not officially accepted as a record.

100 YARDS RECORD.

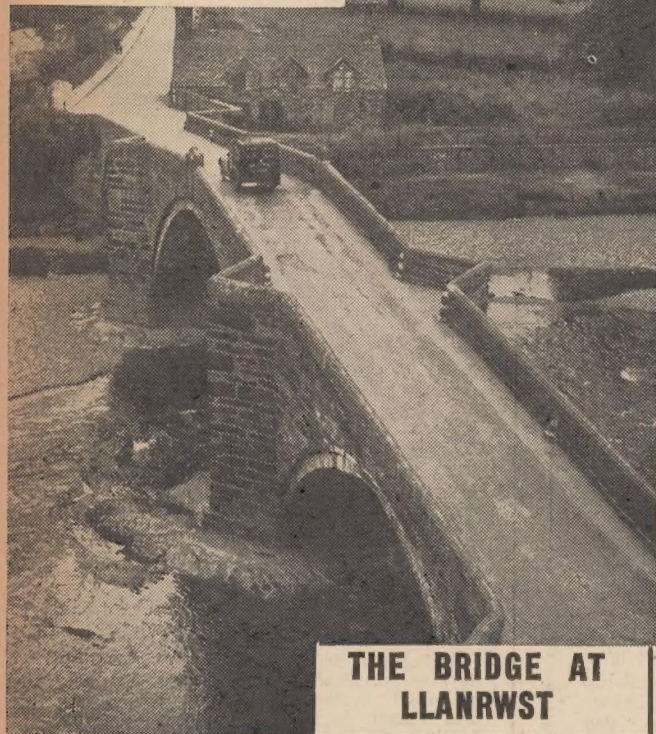
D. J. Kelly, at Spokane, U.S.A., equalled Duffey's record in 1906, and it was equalled again in 1914 by H. P. Drew at Berkeley, California. In 1923, E. H. Liddell brought the British amateur record to 9 7-10secs. at Stamford Bridge. It was J. C. Owens who, 33 years after Duffey, improved the time by one-fifth of a second.

His record of 9 2-5secs. for the 100 yards was accomplished at Ann Arbor, Michigan, U.S.A., on May 25, 1935, and that is the record as it stands to-day.

Good Morning

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MAE HEN WLADFY NHADAW- DYMA DUDALEN I DDYNION CYMRU*



THE BRIDGE AT LLANRWST

There's fine salmon below. The placid Dee as it flows through the hill-girdled town of Llangollen.



In the heart of Cardiff: Glamorgan Canal

Thro'
the
beauty
that
is
Wales



Raglan Castle
Monmouthshire



Above is Bettws-y-Coed, famed beauty spot

★
For you men, who are not of Wales, this means:

"LAND OF MY FATHERS—A PAGE FOR WELSHMEN"

But—as a page of beautiful scenes, it is a page for everyone. On the right is the estuary at Barmouth, at sunset.



SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"It is good look you."

